

The Historie of

*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poin-  
set upon them, they all runne away, and Fal-  
Poin. Villaines. stalffe after a blow or two runs away too, lea-  
uing the booty behind them.*

*Prin.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the thecues  
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare  
not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer; away  
good Ned, Falstalffe sweares to death, and lards the leane earth  
as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pittie him.

*Poin.* How the rogue roard

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.*

*But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be  
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be contented, why is he not then? in the respect of the  
loue he beares our house: he shoves in this, he loues his owne  
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to  
drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger,  
we plucke this flower safety.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named  
uncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too light, for  
the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you againe, you are a shal-  
low cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by  
the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laide, our frind true  
& constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an  
excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty spirited rogue  
is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, & the gene-  
rall course of the action Zounds & I were now by this rascall,  
I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my fa-  
ther, my vncl, & my selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of  
Yorke, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas?  
haue I not all their betterers to meete me in Armes by the ninth  
of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward  
alread? What a pagan rascall is this, and infidell? Ha, you shall  
see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the  
King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my  
selfe,

Henric the

selfe, and goe to buffets, for me  
with so honorable an action.  
we are prepared. I will set for  
How now Kate, I must leaue

*Lady.* O my good Lord, w  
For what offence haue I this  
Albanisht woman from my  
Tell mee, sweet Lord, what i  
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and  
Why dost thou bend thine ey  
And start so often when thou  
Why hast thou lost the fresh  
And giuen my treasures and  
To thick-eyd musing, and cu  
In my faint slumbers, I by the  
And heard thee murmur tal  
Speake tearmes of madgeto  
Cry courage to the field: An  
Of sallies; and retires, trench  
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, pa  
Of basilisks, of canon, culue  
Of prisoners ransome, and of  
And all the current, of a hede  
Thy spirit within thee hath  
And thus hath so bestird thee  
That beds of sweat hath stoo  
Like bubbles in a late disturb  
And in thy face strange moti  
Such as we see when men res  
On some great sodaine hast.  
Some heauy busines hath my  
And I must know it, else hel

*Hot.* What ho, is Gilliams

*Ser.* He is, my Lord, an ho

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought

*Ser.* One Horse, my Lord

*Hot.* What Horse? a roan

*Ser.* It is, my Lord.